

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 470.—VOL. IX.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1892.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE VEHMGERICHTE.

THE absence of established laws, or of competent authority to enforce them, has at times given rise to anomalous institutions, which have sought to secure the public tranquillity by means themselves scarcely reconcilable with sound ideas of civil subordination. The Corsican Vendetta and the American Vigilance Societies alike derived their origin from social anarchy, and from the inability of the recognised authority to maintain order or to exact retribution for crime.

During the middle ages, most of the countries of Europe passed through a crisis when the authority of the monarch and of his judges fell into such contempt that the law was entirely without force, and no better protection was afforded by the city than by the open country. Every man's hand was raised against his fellow-man, the most holy sanctuaries were profaned, property was plundered, persons were violated, and the various fortresses scattered throughout the country, so far from sheltering the weak, were converted into dens of robbers, where knightly freebooters levied blackmail from the territories around their strongholds. Our own country passed through such a period of internal chaos in the troubled reign of Stephen, when, during nineteen years, according to the *Saxon Chronicle*, 'the rich men greatly oppressed the wretched people by making them work at their castles, and when the castles were finished, they filled them with devils and evil men. Then they took those whom they suspected to have any goods, putting both men and women in prison for their gold and silver, and torturing them with pains unspeakable; for never were any martyrs tormented as they were. Many were starved; many lived on alms who had previously been rich; others fled from the country. Neither church nor churchyard was spared by the plunderers; they robbed the monks and the clergy; and every man plundered his neighbour as much as he could. Such, indeed, was the misery, that

it was said openly that Christ and his saints slept.'

This state of affairs gave rise in several countries of Europe to popular confederacies, and even to secret tribunals, formed expressly to check such unbounded license, and to secure the ends of justice when its legitimate administrators were feeble or corrupt. The most terrible of those secret tribunals were the well-known 'Vehmgerichte'—or 'Fehmgerichte,' as the word is sometimes written—which existed in some parts of Germany, and especially in Westphalia. The exact significance of the title is disputed, but it is usually supposed to have been derived from 'fehm,' punishment, and 'gericht,' court, meaning a court of justice. Others imagine, upon inferior grounds, that the term is obtained from the Latin 'fama,' as the tribunals too frequently acted on common fame or report. The origin of these courts has been ascribed to the age of Charlemagne; but there is no authentic record of their existence prior to the middle of the thirteenth century. It is certain that at that time a number of individuals were secretly associated together in Germany to punish crimes and offenders; to put an efficient check upon the lawlessness of the powerful barons, who defied the authority of the sovereign; and to redress cases of grievous wrong perpetrated by any member of the community.

The tribunals were divided into local sections, but recognised a central authority. Nominally, the Emperor was the chief officer; but in Westphalia the actual President was the Archbishop of Cologne. A person of position presided over each branch of the central court, and was known as a 'free count.' The other members were divided into the two classes of 'schöppen,' or ignorant, and 'wissende,' or knowing, the latter class including all those who were initiated into the hidden secrets of the Order. The most solemn oaths bound every one to secrecy as to the proceedings; and there is no evidence that these vows were ever broken, although it is supposed that at one time one hundred thousand

persons were members of these societies. For the determination of civil disputes, the meetings of the tribunals were held in a public place and in the full light of day; but such offences as robbery and murder were usually dealt with secretly. If common rumour ascribed the commission of a crime to any person, or if a charge were brought against him, he was cited to answer the accusation before the court of his district. The summons bore the seal of the *Vehmgerichte*, and was generally fastened to the door of the supposed criminal during the night. If he refused to attend, the citation was repeated; and disobedience to the second summons was considered as conclusive evidence of guilt. The members of the tribunal were bound by their oaths to put such an individual to death wherever they could find him. If, on the contrary, he attended the court, he was allowed to call witnesses, and to clear himself, if he could, by their evidence. Upon his failing to prove his innocence, he was punished, according to the nature of his crime, by fine or summary execution. No one was exempt by virtue of his rank, and the highest noble was as liable to citation as the poorest peasant in the land.

When capital punishment was inflicted, it was customary to leave a knife by the body, to show that the act was not one of a private murderer, but was due to the sentence of the *Vehmgerichte*. The 'wild kind of justice' of these irregular courts was long a terror to evildoers, and, as the tribunals were countenanced by the highest powers in the land, those obeying their decrees were independent of the regular authorities, while the large number of the members, and their wide dispersion, rendered any sentence passed almost certain of execution.

Such rude administration of justice is, however, peculiarly liable to abuse, and in course of time the inevitable deterioration set in. A Diet of the Empire was held at Trier in 1512, when it was declared that 'by the Westphalian tribunals many an honest man had lost his life, honour, body, and property'; and even the Archbishop of Cologne, their nominal chief officer, admitted that 'by very many they were shunned and regarded as seminaries of villains.' As the power of the State gradually consolidated, the irregular courts were suppressed, although they were never abolished by any formal enactment; and it is said that the last remnant of the old tribunals was found in operation in Westphalia when Jerome Bonaparte was king of that country, in the early part of the present century.

A very similar institution, celebrated as the 'Santa Hermandad,' or Holy Brotherhood, existed at one time in Castile, and assumed the most extraordinary functions. At an early period it consisted of a confederation of the principal cities, who were bound together by a most solemn league to defend their liberties in times of civil anarchy. Deputies were appointed, who met

at stated times, and transacted their business with all the forms of the most orthodox institutions. They impressed their documents with a common seal, and enacted laws, which they transmitted to the nobles, and even to the sovereign; and they enrolled an armed force to enforce their measures. The association, 'so characteristic of an unsettled state of society,' says Prescott, 'repeatedly received the legislative sanction; and however formidable such a popular engine may have appeared to the eye of the monarch, he was often led to countenance it by a sense of his own impotence, as well as of the overweening power of the nobles, against whom it was principally directed.'

During the times of lawlessness which preceded the establishment of a united Spanish monarchy under Ferdinand and Isabella, the authority of the sovereign and the royal judges fell almost to a minimum. No better way was seen of checking the unbounded license which had arisen than by reorganising the Holy Brotherhood, and a scheme for attaining this purpose was introduced into the Cortes of Castile in 1476, and was carried into effect the same year. The new institution embraced the whole kingdom, and was limited in its operations to the maintenance of public order. All cases of violence or theft committed on the highways or in the open country were reserved for its jurisdiction, and such offenders as escaped from the cities were pursued by its officers. The open country was specified as the scene for the operations, because it was plentifully studded with castles and fortresses, which offered every facility for the escape of a criminal from justice. The *Hermendad* was supported by an annual tax, levied upon householders; and courts were established in every town for the trial of offences committed within its jurisdiction, while an appeal lay from it, in specified cases, to a superior Council. Its laws were compiled into a code, in which penalties were laid down with the utmost precision. These laws were administered with extreme vigour; stripes, the loss of a member, or even of life, were adjudged for the most petty larceny. Executions were conducted by shooting the offender with arrows; and it was especially provided that 'the convict shall receive the sacrament like a Catholic Christian, and after that, be executed as speedily as possible, in order that his soul may pass the more securely.'

In a few years the *Hermendads* and the new military police established by them almost entirely cleared the country of the swarms of banditti, and of the robber chieftains who had long defied the law. Once again the ministers of justice found a sure protection in the independent discharge of their duties; and, in the words of the historian already quoted, 'the blessings of personal security and social order, so long estranged from the nation, were again restored to it.'

For many years these important benefits secured the confirmation of the institution by successive Cortes; but gradually, as the necessity

for an extraordinary tribunal ceased, the Santa Hermandad dwindled into an ordinary police, and, with such a modification of form, has existed into the present century.

## THE IRONY OF FATE.

### CHAPTER IX.—RETRIBUTION.

Two days had elapsed since Arabella's flight, and Major Bowyer was sitting alone in his study. Suddenly came a loud ring at the bell; the door was thrown open, and 'The Duke of Falmouth' was announced.

'I am the bearer of a letter from Miss Arabella Alsworth,' he said, 'if you will kindly read it;' and the Duke placed the letter in the Major's hands.

'Take a seat, your Grace,' he continued, holding out his hand.

The Duke took the proffered seat, but he ignored the extended hand.

When he had read the letter, he turned to the Duke. 'I suppose you are aware of the circumstances which preceded Miss Alsworth's latest escapade?' he queried.

'Yes; you wanted her to marry my nephew, Lord Cransford.'

'That's true. But that is not what I mean. When she left this house, she took a quantity of jewellery with her, some of which was her own, and others were heirlooms, which at the death of Mrs Alsworth ought to have come to my wife, and which I claim as my property.'

'Make your claim in a legal form and the matter shall be investigated.'

'Where is Miss Alsworth staying?'

'In my house, and under my protection.'

'Thank you. I shall go to London at once and take out a warrant for her arrest. Meantime, I shall detain her clothes till the jewellery is restored.'

'Miss Alsworth's business is in the hands of Mr Ainsley, her late father's lawyer. I think you had better see him before you take any ulterior steps,' said the Duke; and taking up his hat, he bowed and left the room.

He was driven back to the station; and half an hour afterwards was on his way to London. When he reached home, he found a telegram awaiting him; it ran as follows: 'From Thomas Foreman to the Duke of Falmouth—Major Bowyer is dead. He was seized with an apopleptic fit shortly after you left. The result, the doctors say, of the agitation and worry of the last few days.'

When he had read it, he went straight to the Duchess's boudoir, where he found Arabella and his wife, told them of the failure of his mission, and read the telegram he had received from Thomas.

'Poor man!' ejaculated Arabella—'how sad.'

'Yes, very,' responded the Duke. 'But what about those jewels?'

'Oh! that was settled years ago. My mother was the eldest child, and they descended to me as her next of kin. Papa took legal advice, and Mr Ainsley knows all about it; besides, at the time, Uncle Bowyer pretended to be satisfied.'

'I think we had better send off to Mr Ainsley,' said the Duke, 'and get him to take such steps as he thinks fit. If your fortune has been in the hands of two such men as Major Bowyer and Lord Cransford, the chances are that matters will want looking into.'

'How good you are!' exclaimed Arabella. 'You think of everything.'

My story is almost ended. The Duke of Falmouth's suspicions were verified. On examining Major Bowyer's papers after his decease, it was found that he had been tempted to appropriate a considerable portion of Arabella's fortune to his own use; and it was supposed that Lord Cransford had been cognisant of, if not a participant in the fraud.

One afternoon in August the two Miss Scudamores were hurrying along High Street, panting and puffing under the broiling heat of the summer sun, evidently in a state of great excitement. They rang loudly at Mrs Montessor's bell, and on being shown into the drawing-room, found the lady and Miss Nugent in close confab.

'Oh my dears! such extraordinary news!' exclaimed Miss Prudence. 'Arabella Alsworth is married, and to whom, do you think?'

'Can't tell, dear,' responded Mrs Montessor. 'There is no telling what such a girl would do. But won't you take a seat?'

'You'll never guess,' said Miss Scudamore, as she seated herself in the proffered chair—'no, not if you were to go on guessing for a month; so I'll tell you—Lord Cransford!'

'But I thought he was dead!' exclaimed Miss Nugent; 'killed in America, to which he had fled from his creditors.'

'Yes, that is so. But this is the new lord, and you'll never guess who he is: somebody we all know.'

'Somebody we all know?' iterated Miss Nugent.

'Yes; but, as you'll never guess, I'll tell you—Frank Wallis!'

'Well, I never!' exclaimed Mrs Montessor. 'Frank Wallis. Then Mrs Wallis must be a lady in her own right.'

'Yes. It seems all like a dream. To think of that quiet Mrs Wallis being a Duke's daughter!'

'Well, I'm glad of it!' exclaimed Mrs Montessor. 'Arabella was always such a dear, kind, amiable creature; and I daresay we shall all be invited to the house when they come.'

Miss Puddicombe laughed sarcastically. 'That's the way the wind blows now, is it? There was

a time when she was a "horrid stuck-up creature."

'Circumstances alter cases,' interposed Miss Prudence.

THE END.

### A NORWEGIAN WINTER'S DAY.

We got to our destination mainly by the little Vossvangen railway from Bergen. It was as wild and eerie a journey as one could have in the depths of the Norwegian winter. A furious storm broke upon us just as we were leaving Bergen, and for all the five hours of our journey the wind howled about the little cars, patently checking our trivial speed when it caught the locomotive full in front in the rocky defiles, and making us tremble uncomfortably as it shot broadside upon us. There was no keeping the doors of the corridor car shut. As for the cold, in spite of the blazing stove, it was very great. Though we could roast our toes, the freezing wind took us in the back and at the sides, and each new incomer brought with him an arctic draught as he shook his shaggy coat free from snow and icicles and stamped hard upon the floor.

'Bad weather!' said each traveller, with emphasis rare in the mouths of the laconic Norseman. There was no doubting it. The lakes we passed were a deadly black where they had not frozen and got coated with snow. The mountain tops of course were deep in snow; so was the railway track. And the rock-sides by which we glided so closely were draped with icicles of many colours, thick as an elephant's leg. Never had I seen such icicles. If only the day had been bright, they would have been a glorious spectacle. But it was a dreadful day—nothing less. If the old Vikings had many such days—as who can doubt they had?—it was proof of their rare stamina that they existed so robustly in the teeth of them, and of their shrewd good sense that they took to the sea and sailed south by the thousand for piratical exercises.

One could not but admire the splendid physique of some of these country Norwegians on this Saturday evening. They looked monstrous as they entered the car in their rough wolf-skin jackets, belted, with large deer-skin moccasins to their feet, and wearing caps of seal or wolf skin. But their faces glowed with a sort of physical pride in their ability to stand against these shocks of winter, and their voices were musically resonant. Without exception they were blue-eyed. In Bergen one sees plenty of gray and hazel eyes. But then Bergen is in its way quite a cosmopolitan seaport, with a mixed breed of inhabitants; whereas here in the country the people still, as in the old days, mate with their neighbours, about the origin of whose stock there can be no question.

Vossvangen at last. We alight in a penetrating shower of fine snow, and darkness almost as penetrating. It is nine o'clock: the winter's night is already four or five hours old. The air feels exceedingly keen. Two or three lamps

glimmer among the few passengers and railway officials, and there is a murmur of speech. The sound of a sledge grating on the platform is heard before the sledge itself is seen. The next moment, however, a burly shape mantled in a fur coat and with a horn slung at its waist bustles forward. It is the mailman—one of the representatives of a class of Norwegians who in the winter have no little hardship to endure. He has a revolver on his hip. It may in extremity help him to withstand a couple of wolves, an infuriate bear, or (an even rarer peril) an unscrupulous fellow-countryman; or it may serve to give the *coup de grâce* to his horse if anything should happen of a very bad kind. The jingle of bells a moment later announces the mailman's departure with the letters. The wind howls and the snow whirls under the station cover. Truly a wild night, if you add twenty degrees of frost to its other engaging features. Yet, when we get outside, piloted through the drifts by a lad with a lantern, there is a glimmer of stars far, far away; and an instant afterwards the silver curve of a baby-moon declares itself magnificently from behind a great dark mass that must be a mountain.

'Bad weather now, but a fine to-morrow,' observes our guide with a slow sententiousness that tells of his consideration for us as strugglers with an unfamiliar tongue.

Never was a boy's weather-wisdom more superbly proven. Yet long ere we were in bed the portents had grown black as Acheron again. Sitting in the snug little parlour of the inn and wrestling for intelligible speech with the kindly landlady, who seemed to think it due to us that she should sit with us and make remarks at the meaning of which we could only guess as a rule, we heard the storm-fiend at work again. Such frantically discordant music as it favoured us with, I, for one, never wish again to listen to. A week of it would make the best of men an incurable maniac. There we sat, however, with our feet on the stove, smoking cigars, and drinking the punch our good dame insisted on mixing for us. She had given us ptarmigan for supper, at which we had rejoiced; and her husband—a lean subtle-eyed gentleman, who combined shop-keeping with the position of landlord of two inns, and who had—as we understood it—promised to outfit us in the proper Norwegian mode from his own store on the morrow—brought us his visitors' book, as if to emphasise the difference between Norway in August and Norway in the first week of January. The good man assured us by speech and gestures that in summer he filled two houses and a half with his guests. Now, however, the house and a half were absolved from all tax of hospitality, and of the remaining house we were the sole guests.

In going up-stairs to bed we trod into a snow-drift on the landing. Double windows had been unable to keep out the enemy. However, thanks to an excitable little stove, our room was warm enough for a Brazilian orchid; and ere getting into bed, we loaded it with pine-knots, so that the roaring of its flames in the chimney quite outvoiced the howling of the wind.

A pallid blue sky, clear as ice, greeted us when we turned out at nine o'clock the next morning. The gray wooden houses of the village looked



pretty in their snow-mantle. So did the villagers, ploughing through the snow of their thoroughfares—it was three feet deep at the least. So, too, did the Vossvangen lads, muffled to the ears by their discreet mothers in home-made comforters, as they shouted to each other to come out upon the hill-sides behind the village and enjoy a bout of snow-shoeing. There were divers enthusiastic collie and retriever dogs with the lads. These barked and rolled each other in the snow. It was evident they enjoyed it.

Then the sun stole over a mountain-top, just as the slip of a moon had done the evening before, and the valley was transfigured. The great lake was already frozen all over and dazzling white in its spotless counterpane of snow. The hill-sides, thick with pines, were a beautiful study in black and white, above which the cloudless blue of the heavens momentarily gained in intensity, so that at length we might have thought Norway had for the day borrowed her sky from Italy. While we breakfasted, the jingle of bells outside grew constant. One sledge after another shot into the village from the various homesteads which dot the slopes of Voss. They were not drawn by reindeer, but by those very independent and sturdy little ponies which summer travellers in the land know so well. Each sledge carried a family party, and very odd some of these parties looked, the women swathed in woollens, so that little except their rubicund frost-coloured noses could be distinguished; and the bright blue eyes of the maidens sparkling from the semi-obscurity about them. The church bell tinkled hardly more sonorously than the sledge bells; and group by group the sledgers and village folk entered the porch. They were fair to see for the variegated colours of their woollens—quite a tulip bed, in fact; and afterwards, when the cloaked sound of their responses inside the holy building could be heard, a man of felonious instinct might have carried off a hundred or two of pairs of clogs and galoshes, with which it is the vogue in winter to litter the church porches.

Our worthy host did not belie himself. When service was over, he took us into his store and compelled us to buy Scotch galoshes and German-made gloves, as well as other articles which were, he said, quite indispensable for our journey. This done, and the day continuing glorious—with the echoes of the happy shouts of the snow-shoeing boys and dogs reaching us from far up the valley—the sledges were brought to the door; and having been zealously muffled in our fur coats and bearskin knee wrappers, we left Voss amid the loud 'Godspeeds' of both our entertainers. The apothecary and the people at the post-office looked from their windows to see us pass; else we did not seem much to rouse the curiosity of the villagers. I do not think, however, that the Norseman is troubled like men and women of the south with the itch of inquisitiveness. There is much in the climatic phases which surround him that he cannot understand: Nature is nowhere as here so mysterious, alternately caressing and striking hard with clenched fist. Without a trustful faith the Norwegian would be the most wretched of individuals. His forefathers were stout fellows, with a firm belief in the pleasantness of Odin's im-

mortal banqueting halls. He for his part is just a simple sort of Christian who looks as far as possible on the bright side of life, and believes in Paradise. Like most sensible mortals, he takes short views, though at the back of all his hopes is the predominant faith in heaven as the reconciler of such vague doubts about terrestrial existence as may at times possess him, and the complete and satisfying atonement for his earthly troubles. He is far from being effusively religious or regardful of externals. Like the bear of his native land, he is somewhat phlegmatic and torpid during the winter; and, again like the bear, he is not an enemy to be despised. But whatever he is or is not, he is singularly devoid of the kind of curiosity that in America urges a man to put his fellow-man to the question as if he were a cross-examining advocate in a law-court.

Our sledges were light gay little affairs of iron and brass, each with a sort of bicycle saddle behind, upon which the driver sat with one foot on the runner, to serve as an accessory rudder. The official road-clearer—a triangular shape of wood drawn by the apex—had been abroad that morning and made a capital way for us. Up hill or on the level we went well; but downhill we seemed to go on the wings of the wind, with a furious clatter of bells and a nodding of the shaggy heads of our steeds that it made us giddy to watch.

Cold of course it was, in spite of fur coats, double gloves, and reindeer overshoes. We felt it most at the toes. After an hour, the nipping became very painful. A numbness succeeded; and when, having journeyed for two hours, we halted at a bright little chalet, the inn and post-house combined, for a moment we staggered as we tried to walk in the orthodox way. However, a couple of armfuls of hay put matters on a better basis for us in the subsequent journey; though a mysterious sort of ill humour that took us at times was distinctly traceable to these effects of the weather upon us.

It was an enchanting afternoon, and the scenes through which we passed were also akin to those of enchantment. Not a breath of wind stirred save that which we created in our brisk movement. The whole land was blanketed in snow. It stood eight and ten feet deep by the road-side, and the stones in the river-bed showed more than a yard of it upon them. Only the vertical face of the great rocks beneath which we glided was free from it. But in compensation there was here the fairest conceivable decoration of icicles. They hung by the fathom in broad parallel lines, and were of many hues, from brick red and purple to sea-green, turquoise, and silver gray. Some of them were pendent above us like the portcullis of an old castle, and we could have fancied the mere concussion of our horses and cars would shake them fatefully upon our heads. Of waterfalls there ought to have been great store along this road. In the green summer days and the bright summer nights their song is here a continuous lullaby. But now they were all silenced. Jack Frost had nailed them hard and fast to the rocks. It was magnificent to see the monstrous rigid masses frozen in waves that overlapped each other, each lap fringed with great variegated icicles.

At the inn where we tarried to ease the horses and imbibe hot coffee, while prowling round its precincts I came upon a lemming. The little rat-like creature stood on its hind-legs and barked in a babyish but very frantic manner at my legs. I could of course have crushed it to death with my foot. But this, equally of course, I forbore to do. The little animal was being plagued quite enough by the winter. It had wandered hither in search of food. Perhaps it was a herald of an entire army of its little fellow-mortals, which sometimes traverse the land in solemn procession tens of thousands in number, stopping at no obstacle, whether it be a fire, an arm of the sea, or even a boat with rowing-men in it which happens to intersect their line of progress. Their coming and going is inexplicable to the Norsemen, who have many strange notions about them.

Again wrapped up and stretched mummy-wise as to our lower extremities, we enjoyed the brief afternoon sunlight. The sun soon got behind the mountains, and as suddenly the air seemed to double in chilliness. It was wonderful how sombre our surroundings became all at once. The river, where it was unfrozen, was like a stream of ink, contrasted with the ineffable prevailing whiteness. And the dark faces of the cliffs seemed to lour menacingly. Above us, however, a few bright lines of crimson and gold told of the sunset elsewhere; and the coral glow about the snowy summits of the high mountains in the west was almost intense enough to warm us.

We passed one more inn ere the night wrapped us round. It was fast closed for the winter. A couple of magpies scurried across the road near, towards a pole, to the top of which the kindly peasantry had affixed a sheaf of oats. Then we plunged into a pine-forest, every twig of every tree in which was heavy laden with snow and icicles; and for half an hour sped through this eerie twilight scene in a silence that was almost sensational. Ere we were through it, the stars had begun to beam above the tops of the trees; and when we were again in the open, the great smooth space of a lake two or three miles square was to our right, with starlit mountains on the farther sides.

Even to us Britons, it was a great experience, this solemn, beautiful freezing progress through the land. Nor was my driver without his feelings of pride in his native country in its winter dress. 'It is cold,' he observed twice in my ear; 'but lovely—is it not?' You would not have thought this great red-bearded, massy-shouldered carl had a care for the picturesque. But it was evident he had a very strong appreciation of it.

Another hour passed, and then we rose amid the mountains. The stars had brightened amazingly in the meantime. But they only served to emphasise the tremendous gloom of the black defile in which we found ourselves. An icy breath of wind whispered down this ravine, and almost suspended the heart's action for an instant. Then suddenly a lamplight shone strongly before us. Our ride was at an end. Voices were heard above the music of our bells, which latter had twice or thrice set me dozing; and our welcome reached us from afar. The warmth of the house after the thirty degrees of frost through which

of late we had been driving, fairly made us pant while we were being helped out of our clumsy furs.

If you do not know what a Norwegian welcome in winter means, you cannot have a just idea of the Norseman's character. There was a houseful of people here, and yet one and all seemed consecrated to our service. Having first drunk off a glass of fine Cognac, we were taken straightway to the drawing-room, where cards and music were in full swing. A Norwegian Sunday allows these diversions in the evening. There could be no question about that, for there, taking his hand at whist, and having his glass of punch replenished oftener than any one else, was the pastor of the parish—a hearty old fellow, who drank loudly to us as soon as we were announced, and who later lost a crown or two to us at the cards with perfect serenity. Some people fancy the Norseman sleeps through the winter—or rather spends twice as many hours in bed during the short days as in summer. It is an error. Midnight came and caught us still at our pleasure. But by this we travellers were drowsy to the last degree. And so, to a chorus of 'Sleep well,' we set the example of retiring to our snug rooms, lit by the glow of the resinous pine splinters in the stove.

## THE VALLEY OF SHEITAN.

A STORY OF THE BHORE GHÁT INCLINE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

THE settlement of Lonauli round about the station at the head of the Bhore Ghát Incline has occasioned a pang of home-sickness to many an exile from the old country, wearied of teeming native cities and red-taped military cantonments. It is the only purely English village in all the vast peninsula. Here may be seen the trim cottages of the humbler railway employees, each with its bit of garden-ground; and here it is possible on occasion to walk a good half-mile and meet never a Hindu or Mohammedan, but only good honest Britons, whose working-clothes and grimy faces bewray them as toilers for a weekly wage. The pretty Gothic church, the tiny post-office, a genuine English grocer's shop, and last, but not least, the Railway Hotel, complete the picture of home-life. Away on the outskirts, removed from the daily and nightly roar of the engine, and sheltered by magnificent groves of mangoes, lie the white-washed bungalows of the higher officials.

Lonauli is the rural Crewe or Swindon of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway. It is here that the locomotive works are established, giving employment to some two hundred Europeans; but the white population is increased by the wise foresight of the company in choosing this healthy site on the edge of the great Sahyadri range as the residence of their travelling servants. Engine-drivers and guards in goodly numbers inhabit the better class of cottages in the village, or rather their families do, while the bread-winners are away up the line to Madras or down the Ghát to Bombay in charge of the 'arg-gari'—the mighty 'fire-carriage' which is fast civilising India.

In a neat little bungalow a quarter of a mile

from the station, James Hudson and his daughter Sibyl were seated at breakfast. No one, to look at the upright handsome elderly man, would have guessed the nature of his employment; and Sibyl would certainly have been placed higher in the social scale than the rank she filled. The surroundings, too, were out of keeping with the position occupied by the head of the house. An open piano by a good maker stood in a corner of the room, and there were books—French, German, and Italian, as well as English—scattered about in profusion.

‘I have heard from Mr Heygate this morning, father,’ Sibyl was saying; ‘he is coming over from Poona to say good-bye. I am so sorry it is one of your duty-days; he would have enjoyed a chat with you, and now you will not see him before he sails for England.’

Hudson looked up and scanned the girl's face intently before replying. Then he said: ‘I do not think he will miss me much to-day, Sibyl. —Tell me, my daughter, and tell me truly, has this young man's coming amongst us meant more to you than the making of a pleasant acquaintance whom in six months we have both grown to like? Does his departure mean more than the departure of a friend?’

The guard got his answer from the tears which he saw were very near Sibyl's eyes. ‘I—I hardly know, father,’ she said; ‘three months is such a long, long time. I am very sorry he is going away—and I think he is sorry too.’

‘He has not spoken to you, Sibyl, has he—in a way, I mean, that would make a great change in my little girl's life?’

‘No, father; there have been no words of that kind between us. Mr Heygate has always treated me as a gentleman should treat a lady; but’—and Sibyl stammered painfully—‘I have sometimes wondered whether in his heart he does not remember that we are only railway people after all. Now that his elder brother is dead—it is that which takes him home, you know—he is heir to the baronetcy.’

Hudson thought deeply for some time without replying; then he rose and went to a small side-table where there were writing materials, and wrote rapidly for a few minutes. Having placed what he had written in an envelope and sealed and addressed it, he handed it to Sibyl, saying: ‘There, dear; give that to Mr Heygate when he comes. I should like to have seen him and spoken to him before he sails; but that is impossible, as I have to make the long trip to Madras, and shall not be back till the day after to-morrow. He leaves Poona for Bombay by to-night's mail, does he not?’

‘Yes, father,’ said Sibyl. ‘He is going back to Poona after he has said good-bye, and will pass through the station here about midnight on his way down the Ghat to Bombay.’

‘Well, tell him I was sorry to have missed him, and give him my note. I hope my little girl will find everything come right, just as she wishes—now,’ said Hudson, with an involuntary pause before, and emphasis on, the last word which made Sibyl start.

‘Oh father!’ she said reproachfully, ‘surely, surely you have not mentioned me in the letter?’

‘There is not a word about you in it, dear,

on the honour of an—— I mean, on my own honour,’ said the guard, pulling himself up rather lamely. ‘And now I must be off to the station. —Good-bye, Sibyl; God bless you, now and always.’

Hudson kissed his daughter, and left the room by one of the windows that opened on the veranda; but he had not been gone a minute when he returned. ‘That fellow Carnac,’ he said, ‘has he been annoying you lately?’

‘No, father. Why do you ask?’ replied Sibyl, looking surprised.

‘Only, because he passed the bungalow just now, and I thought he was miles away on duty down at the reversing station. He has got a holiday, I suppose. If he has given up his idiotic pretensions, though, it doesn't matter. Anyway, he wouldn't dare come to the house. —Good-bye again.’ And the guard hurried off to make good the lost time, leaving Sibyl to tidy the house before the arrival of her visitor.

Six months had passed since the adventure at the reversing station, and now she only looked back to it as the incident which had brought her Lionel Heygate's friendship. Luke Carnac, the half-caste pointsman, who before that day had annoyed her with his attentions, had made no sign since Heygate's iron grip had flung him aside. Sibyl had well-nigh forgotten his importunate wooing—a wooing which she attributed to the man's impression that his ‘Europe clothes’ entitled him to a ‘Europe’ wife, rather than to any romantic attachment to herself. When she thought of the pointsman at all, it was more with apprehension on Heygate's behalf than on her own; for on the day after he had attempted to take her hand at the reversing station, in order to press his suit, she had met him in Lonauli street, and he had whispered in passing: ‘Tell your fine friend from Poona that we Eurasian gentlemen never forget an injury.’ There was something so ludicrous in the man's assumption of European manners as he hissed out his implied threat, lifting the seedy felt helmet from his oily jet-black hair, and referring to himself as a gentleman, that Sibyl had laughed at the time. It was not till afterwards that she thought of the vengeful glare in Carnac's eyes, and wondered if he might plot some secret mischief. Open violence he would never dare; he was too much of a coward for that.

As Sibyl tidied the pleasant sitting-room, her thoughts turned to the impulsive young officer who had sprung, as it were from the jungle, into the very heart and centre of her none too eventful life. Often and often since that chance meeting Lionel Heygate had been a visitor at the guard's little bungalow—at first making the excuse that sport had brought him to the neighbourhood, but after a while, in no way concealing that he came on purpose, because he found pleasure in the society of both father and daughter. Poona, where his regiment was stationed, was only twenty miles along the line from Lonauli, so such visits were easy. Sibyl, fresh from the quiet school in England to which her father, stinting himself to provide education for his only child, had consigned her when little more than a baby, knew nothing of the world. Lionel Heygate was the only young man with whom she had ever been brought into close contact, and it was

perhaps in the nature of things that her heart passed out of her own keeping almost before she was aware of it. Of late, their relations had grown closer; Heygate had taken to calling her Sibyl, and his manner suggested a feeling warmer than friendship; but the all-important word had never been said. This was the position when, two days before, a hurried line had informed Sibyl that Lionel was called home on three months' leave, owing to the death of his elder brother; and now he was coming to say good-bye. Would he have anything else to say? she wondered. Was it not more than she could hope for? At anyrate, it was more than she, a railway guard's daughter, had a right to expect.

Then she fell to thinking about the letter her father had written. He had pledged himself that it did not mention her; but she dreaded lest it might have some indirect bearing on the secret he had surprised. She would die of very shame if there were anything in that letter calculated to force Heygate's hand. She knew that though her father chose to remain in India as a railway guard, he was by birth and education a gentleman. Was it possible that he had disclosed his past in that letter, to show Heygate that socially they were his equals? Sibyl was a proud girl, and she felt that even such an indirect hint as this would be unbearable.

However, she had promised to give the letter, and give it she must. She turned to the piano, on which she had placed it, and behold the question was solved for her, whether she would or no: the letter was clean gone! High and low did Sibyl search amongst the music, behind the piano, everywhere; she felt in her pocket, in case she should have placed the letter there without thinking, but all with no result. It had vanished as completely as though it had never existed. Only for half a minute had she been away in her adjoining bedroom, and yet in that brief space some one must have entered by the window and stolen the letter. Their one Portuguese servant was not in the house at all; he was gone down to the bazaar to buy fruit; and, besides, Pedro was an old and faithful servant of her father's. Had he been there, she could not have suspected him.

Sibyl went out into the veranda and looked round the compound. There was only an old Hindu of the 'Mehteh,' or sweeper, caste to be seen, busy about his work in the far corner. He was not the usual sweeper who attended the bungalow, Sibyl noticed; but she could not suppose that the ragged scavenger had abstracted the note. Then suddenly she remembered that Luke Carnac was off duty that day, and that he had been seen passing the bungalow. It was just possible that the pointsman might have been prowling about and had got the letter. She called to the old sweeper, and asked him, in imperfect Hindustani, whether he had seen any one in the compound. He merely raised his hands to his dirty turban, stooping the while in deep salaam, and shook his head. There was no information to be got in that quarter, evidently.

As Sibyl was hesitating what to do next, a quick step sounded on the road, and Heygate turned in at the compound gate. Sibyl advanced to meet her visitor, for the moment dismissing

the letter from her thoughts, and half glad, perhaps, that some mysterious influence had made its delivery impossible. Side by side they returned to the bungalow; but after the first greetings, neither spoke till they had passed into the cool sitting-room, now so familiar to both of them. And then is there need to tell what followed? Half-a-dozen words settled everything, as half-a-dozen words are wont to do when a young man has found out that he knows his own mind and a maiden's heart is touched. Before they had been there two minutes, Sibyl was shedding mingled tears of joy and grief on Lionel's breast—of grief that he must leave her for a while; and of joy that, when he returned, it would be to claim her as his bride. This is no story of love-making. Let us step out on to the veranda while these two pledge over again the vows which have been pledged so many million times before.

But if we have no desire to listen to lovers' talk, some one else has, it would seem. What is that crouching figure doing outside the 'cuss-cuss tatty' which veils the window? The tattered red turban is bent close to the wall; one dusky hand is thrust into the folds of a filthy cummerbund—as if to make sure that something concealed there is still safe—while the other hand is clenched on the upright post of the window-frame. It is the old sweeper, who a moment ago was busy about the compound, converted into a stealthy eavesdropper, and with a vengeful glare in his eyes wonderfully like that of Luke Carnac the pointsman. For a full half-hour the crouching figure remained at the window, and then crawled snake-like along the veranda and disappeared.

Inside the room the time passed all too quickly, and the moment came for last words to be said. Lionel had to get back to Poona to make his final preparations before starting by the night-mail.

'I shall be passing through Lonauli to-night while you are asleep, Sibyl,' he said. 'I shall feel inclined to get out of the train from sheer force of habit. But at anyrate I shall have the satisfaction a little later of seeing the place where we first met.'

'The Ghât will look grand to-night in the full moon,' said Sibyl. 'I have not been at the reversing station since that day; father does not like me to go so far alone now.'

'I should think not indeed, with that creepy-looking pointsman about,' said Heygate. 'By the way, I should not care to make the journey down the Ghât if he was at the points and knew that I was in the train; but that is impossible, of course.'

Sibyl looked thoughtful for a moment before she replied: 'Yes; he could not know; besides, he is on day-duty now; he has a holiday, too, father said.'

Then there was a gentle leave-taking, and Sibyl was left alone to her dreams. It was not till she was awakened by the entrance of Pedro with her modest tiffin that she remembered that she had not mentioned her father's letter and its mysterious disappearance to Lionel. She was rejoiced that he had spoken without receiving it; but still she was annoyed at having forgotten to tell her lover of its existence. Perhaps, after



all, it was only an ordinary farewell, and would not really matter.

Suddenly the startling reflection flashed across her mind that her father might in his letter have alluded to Heygate's departure by the night-mail. If her vague surmise that Carnac was the purloiner were correct, the pointsman would be in possession of the very information she would most have desired to keep from him. What was to prevent him from arranging to go on duty that night with a view to promoting some terrible catastrophe? Sibyl trembled at the thought, and her dread was aggravated by the knowledge that she was absolutely powerless. She had nothing but a vague alarm to combat; and even if she knew for certain that Carnac was to be in charge of the points at the reversing station that night, there was nothing to justify her in speaking to the station-master at Lonauli. To that official she was but a guard's daughter, and he would laugh in her face at such an unwarrantable interference.

One thing she could and would do: she must know who was to be pointsman at the top of that awful precipice when her lover's train passed down the incline. Sibyl quickly made her way to Lonauli Station, and sought out a foreman of platelayers to whose wife she had done many kindnesses. The man happened to be in the tool-shed, and gave her his attention at once. The information she wanted was not in his department; but he knew where to obtain it, and quickly returned to the shed, where Sibyl waited for him.

'The pointsman at the reversing station to-night should have been Simmons, Miss Hudson,' the platelayer said; 'but he has exchanged his turn, and his duty will be taken by Luke Carnac. Carnac goes down by the 6.40 from here, and will not come off till six o'clock to-morrow morning.'

It was as she feared, then! Sibyl went back to the bungalow and sat herself down to think. Hour after hour went by, and she could come to no determination. She did her best to persuade herself that there were no real grounds for apprehension, and she went about her usual occupations in the hope of stilling the anxiety that had taken hold of her; but ever and anon there recurred the vision of the yawning abyss—the terrible Valley of Sheitan, between which and her lover's safety would stand but the jerk of a lever entrusted to the hands of his deadly foe. If only her father were at home!

The afternoon waned into evening. Sibyl heard the whistle of the 6.40, and knew that Carnac had gone to his post. Eight, nine, ten o'clock passed, and still Sibyl sat on, unable to retire for the night with any prospect of sleep, and yet undecided what course to take. At last, when the clock had struck eleven some time, she could bear the suspense no longer, and determined to go down to Lonauli Station, and then be guided by circumstances. The mail-train by which Heygate was to travel was due at Lonauli at 12.10, and stopped there ten minutes to change engines before starting again on its journey down the incline. It was just possible she might summon up courage to speak to the guard or the engine-driver, at the risk of being laughed at for her pains. It never crossed her mind to

speak to Heygate himself. Though he had half jestingly alluded to the possible consequences of the pointsman being on duty, she knew that the young soldier would be the last to be influenced by any real fear.

Pedro had retired to his hut in the compound long ago, so Sibyl left the bungalow unobserved. The full moon had risen, and all the landscape was bathed in a soft mellow light. The stately palm-trees, the groves of mangoes, and the white buildings of the sleeping village stood out clear as by day, casting long shadows across the silent street; while far off the jagged peaks and bold escarpments of the Ghát, glistening white in the pale beams, marked the descent of the great range into the valley below. It was even possible to trace the course of the railway line, here running threadlike along the brink of a mighty chasm, and there plunging into the bowels of the earth to reappear on some lofty viaduct, but tending downwards—ever downwards towards the lonely plateau where Luke Carnac stood at the levers waiting for the approach of the mail-train.

In five minutes Sibyl was at the station. Looking at her watch, she saw that it was just midnight—ten minutes before the train was due. Again and again she tried to nerve herself to enter the station and lay her fears before the station-master, but again and again she saw that she had no case. How could she explain, except by saying that she was engaged to Mr Heygate of the Westshire Regiment, who was in the train, and that she had refused the half-caste pointsman who was on duty down the incline; that because of this complication she was positively certain that the pointsman would wreck the train and kill a hundred unoffending passengers. She would be the laughing-stock of India, in the event of the train going down in safety; and what was worse, her lover would have to share the ridicule. And yet—

While this was passing and repassing through her mind, Sibyl had wandered into the locomotive yard, which was situated on the side of the station nearest the commencement of the incline, and consequently farthest from that which the train was approaching from Poona. Suddenly her eyes fell upon a trolley—one of those miniature trucks which platelayers use for transporting themselves and their tools from one part of the line to another, and which are propelled on level ground and up-hill by lever-power, and down-hill by their own weight. The inspiration came to Sibyl like a flash, and as quickly was her resolution taken. She would go down the incline in the trolley to the reversing station, and herself ensure by her presence the safety of the train. With a witness standing at his side, Luke Carnac would not dare the perpetration of a great crime. For after-consequences she cared nothing; her action would be accounted for as a girlish freak, and she could go on in the train to Karjat, and return at the first opportunity.

The trolley stood on the metals close to the main line. Luckily for Sibyl's project, the engine which was to be attached to the train was getting up steam inside its shed, whence the driver could not see her. Otherwise, the yard was deserted. Cautiously she pushed the trolley on to the main line, and, to her satisfaction, found that it ran

quite easily. When she had gone a hundred yards, the ground began to dip at the commencement of the incline, and the trolley no longer needed assistance. Giving it a final push, Sibyl sprang on, and began her journey. As she did so, a whistle far away to the rear heralded the approach of the train to Lonauli, and told her that she had a little over ten minutes' start.

Soon the trolley gathered speed as the gradients grew steeper, and Sibyl found herself flying along the dizzy track at a breakneck pace. One moment she was whirling along the brink of a sheer precipice over which a stone dropped would have fallen five hundred feet without meeting an obstruction; the next she was rounding a sharp curve which suddenly plunged her into the resounding gloom of a tunnel, only to come rushing out into the moonlight a moment later high up on an archway spanning some rock-riven water-course. At last two-thirds of the distance was passed; and after another curve and a short tunnel, the trolley would shoot out on to the narrow cornice-like ledge that approached the reversing station. Sibyl looked back as she entered the last tunnel, and high up the mountain side, not two miles behind, she saw the glare of the engine coming down the incline in hot pursuit. Then and then only did the thought of possible danger to herself, and of the consequent failure of her purpose, strike her. Horror of horrors! if Carnac were in truth plotting mischief, she herself would be the first victim, and would be powerless to save the train. She was ignorant that there was a brake apparatus on the trolley which would have stopped it at will. Supposing the half-caste had fixed the points so as to connect the main line with the siding, the trolley would to a certainty go over the horrid brink.

Down at the reversing station Luke Carnac stood with his hand on the switch, gazing up the moonlit track towards the mouth of the distant tunnel where the mail-train would appear. With a ghastly smile on his swarthy features, he pulled the lever which connected the line with the fatal siding instead of with the level ground of the reversing station. Then, still chuckling to himself, he set the signals at 'safety' and waited for his revenge. The man was half-mad with rage and jealousy, and recked nothing of the fearful catastrophe he was about to cause. What mattered it to him so long as the mangled form of Lionel Heygate was among those relics of poor humanity which another five minutes would send crashing down the mountain side!

Suddenly a faint rumbling in the distance told his practised ears that wheels were approaching along the metals. But not a train, surely! The heavy mail-train would make more noise than that. Ten thousand furies, what could this mean? What strange combination of circumstances was this? That was no train, but only a trolley speeding down the incline towards him, and on it surely that was a woman seated—a woman waving her hands and crying out wildly unintelligible words. By all the powers of darkness, it was Sibyl, come to see her lover die. She must not be sent over the precipice—not yet, at least—her presence there would double the sweetness of his revenge.

Carnac caught hold of the switch just in time

to divert the trolley from the siding and send it spinning merrily along the level of the reversing station, where it would come to a stand-still in a hundred yards. So soon as it had flashed past him, he ran as hard as he could in its wake. At all hazards he must tell Sibyl of his project, so that she should miss none of the agony of anticipation, and he might the better gloat over her distress. The trolley ran nearly the length of the reversing station before it stopped, and he had only time to pant out, 'I am going to send your lover over the cliff,' when a loud whistle told him that the train was approaching. In a second he remembered that in his excitement he had omitted to replace the points after turning the trolley into the reversing station. Unless he could reach the points in time, the train would glide safely on to the plateau, and his revenge would be lost to him.

That was a wild race between the man and the train. Straining every nerve, Carnac rushed towards the switch, but the ground in the six-foot way was rough and stony, and he had to cross the line in front of the advancing train. As he sprang across the metals, with hand extended to grasp the lever, his foot slipped, and the engine was upon him. Crushing the fallen body as if in scorn, it went clanking and snorting over the points on to the safety of the plateau. Luke Carnac's plot had failed.

The letter which Hudson had written to Heygate was found on the dead man's body. When the train went on again, Sibyl accompanied her lover to the station at the foot of the Ghat, and she watched him curiously as he read the missive which had been instrumental in saving his life. When he had finished, he handed the letter to Sibyl, and this is what she read:

DEAR LIONEL—As you are about to return to England, I think it is due to you, after our very pleasant intimacy, to know who I really am. My name is James Heygate; and I am your father's first-cousin, his grandfather having been my grandfather also. You will oblige me by conveying my kind remembrances to your father, Sir Gerald. He will remember the circumstances which led to my adopting my present mode of life after the unfortunate duel at Madras. The world acquitted me of blame; but I could not forgive myself for the consequences of the quarrel that was thrust upon me, and I have therefore effaced myself. I have no desire to change my condition now, and I beg of you not to let this go beyond the family circle.—Wishing you a safe voyage and a speedy return, I continue to sign myself yours,  
JAMES HUDSON.

'So you see I am really your second-cousin, Sibyl,' said Lionel; 'and your father is the Captain Heygate who mysteriously disappeared so long ago. I remember the story well. He was, as he says, dragged into a duel with a quarrelsome brother-officer, and killed his man. But his remorse would not allow him to remain in the regiment, and he has not been heard of till this day.'

Sibyl sat silent, for she was thinking how glad she was that Lionel had not seen that letter till after he had asked her to be his wife. It was better, far better, to have been wooed and won

as Sibyl Hudson, the guard's daughter; though she rejoiced that her birth would not now be a source of reproach to her husband's relations.

But above all she was thankful that the letter had been written and afterwards abstracted, because otherwise she would never have supposed that Carnac knew of her lover's journey to Bombay, and the fears which led her to interrupt the pointsman in his fiendish work would never have been aroused. As a matter of fact, Carnac had obtained his information from a half-caste friend in Poona—not, as will have been seen, from the letter—and had laid his plans the day before. But this was not ascertained till after Lionel had returned to India, bringing the congratulations of the family to his bride—the bride who met with a warm welcome from those stern autocrats, the 'ladies of the regiment,' as the Heroine of the Incline.

#### NOTES ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

On a Monday morning in the spring of this year I was in one of Her Majesty's powerful ironclads, lying in a large harbour in the Mediterranean. It must have been about five A.M., and I was turning round for a final nap, when my half-awakened senses were invaded by the cry: 'Hands abandon ship.' Still half asleep, I at first thought that some fearful mishap must have reached us, and it was not till I heard a knock at my cabin door and a voice saying, 'They've piped it twice, sir,' that I was reminded that this early hour had been fixed on for exercise in the rapid carrying out of what would be necessary should such an emergency arise as in my dreams I had pictured. Slipping on my clothes, I hurried on deck, my ideas not yet quite clear, with visions running through them of the ill-fated *Birkenhead*, and the gallant red-coated band on her decks, steady as on parade, 'presenting arms' as the ship made her final plunge—and found the work of getting out the ship's boats in full swing, the engine rattling away as each was raised from its cradle and lowered into the water alongside, to be at once taken in hand by a portion of its crew, who rapidly and without confusion provide the stores and provisions—lanterns and candles, spirit-breakers, boxes of biscuits and tinned meats, 'boats' bags, with small articles for boat's use, and pass them into the boat, while the coxswain examines his water-breakers and sees them filled with fresh water. A carpenter and a signalman, the one with his tools, the other with his flags, get into each boat. The paymaster, with his assistants carrying the bags of gold in his charge, joins those officers whose duties do not call them elsewhere in the principal steamboat, which has got in its coal and water already and has steam up; and the Medical Staff follow the sick, who on the first sound of alarm have been passed in their cots into the roomy cutter told off for their use.

All being ready, the word 'Clear ship' is given; and each party, rapidly mustering on deck near its appointed boat, passes out of the ship, which is left, noble and deserted, denuded of every sign of the teeming life on her decks ten minutes before. The last to go over the side is the Captain, who takes charge of this little army

let loose upon the waters, and from his galley inspects as they go by him the long line of boats with their complement of over five hundred officers and men, most of whom, twenty minutes before, were unconsciously asleep in their hammocks.

The next morning I was again fated to be roused at an early hour, though a little farther from the middle of the night than the day previous. As I was thinking whether it was not time for me to turn out and wondering why my bath was not set out in its accustomed place, the wild clang of the firebell, followed by the bugle call to attention, and the announcement, 'Fire in the engine-room flat,' came on my ears. To tumble on a few clothes was the work of a moment; but by the time I emerge from my cabin, half the men are at their stations, hoses are screwed on, branch-pipes are fixed, hatchways and watertight doors closed, and all communication with the seat of the supposed fire cut off; while in another minute a couple of hundred men are forcing round the pump-cranks and the water is pouring out through the hoses. The spirit and store rooms have been locked, their keys taken in charge by a responsible officer, and sentries posted on them and on the ship's boats; and in two minutes every powder magazine in the ship would have been full of water if required.

That same evening I was to have another surprise—my first experience of night-quarters, or general call to action at night. Midnight had just struck eight bells of the first watch, and I was sitting in my cabin in 'pyjamas' and slippers finishing off my daily contribution to the bi-weekly budget sent home, and thinking of laying my head on the pillow, when there rang out on the still night-air that portent call to arms, the thrilling 'Action' bugle. When I get to the battery deck I meet the half-awake sailors and marines, running along in bare feet with their lashed-up hammocks under their arms, to be put away clear of the working of the guns. Electric lights are got ready and turned on, guns cast loose, ammunition brought up from below, big guns in their turrets whirl round to where the search-light shows the advancing enemy. In ten minutes from the first alarm, when men were asleep in their hammocks, every gun is loaded and on its required bearing, and the ship is completely prepared for fighting. The exercise being over, fighting gear returns to its normal repose, hammocks are brought out again and unslung, and we adjourn to the wardroom, command sardine sandwiches—the dish *de rigueur* on such occasions—from the sleepy steward, and with a little refreshment of a fluid nature to assist, fall to discussing the delinquencies of our sister-ships in the fleet, while each present endeavours to explain how by a mysterious intuition he himself, if no one else, was quite certain all the evening that on this particular night this exercise would be practised, and that it was no surprise to him—oh, no!

But after so much work, a holiday. Thursday afternoon in the British navy is the sailor's half-holiday. On that day no work is done on board from noon till after supper at five P.M. The commander ceases from troubling and the blue-jacket is at rest. Men can do as they please the

afternoon through, and the smokers have their wicked will, the smoking lantern and the spit-kid holding their own, instead of being peremptorily removed at the close of the dinner hour; while the officer of the watch, paraphrasing Gray's lines, can say: 'The ship is left to stillness and to me.' Repose, indeed, has possession of the ship. The first-lieutenant to-day puts aside his soap and soda, and is content to leave in peace his army of scrubbers, while he thinks complacently over the morning's inspection of his snow-white decks and bright paint-work. The lieutenants of divisions forget their usual occupation of overhauling 'bags'—receptacles doing duty as cupboards and travelling chests for the seamen's kits, always to be kept up to service pitch—as, with kit-book and footrule in hand, they number the articles, seeing that everything is regulation size, with exact width of braid and depth of collar—calling from a sailor once the remark, *sotto voce*: 'When we say that we are in uniform, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.'

Officers sit about in easy-chairs, the latest paper or a novel in their hands, pipes between their teeth, eyes gradually closing. Hands below are taking a rare 'stretch off the land,' lying anywhere, in all attitudes, with a coat, an iron ring, a coil of rope for pillow, sleeping, reading, yarning to each other in low voices. All is peace—even the master-at-arms has one eye shut. Here and there the soothing hum of the sewing-machine is heard, or an industrious sailor is seen at work tailoring—cutting out, piecing together, and making up a pair of those roomy trousers, the width of whose extremities and tightness of upper region are the especial pride of the wearer; or an old hand is at work netting a pair of twine curtains, the ship substitute for those piece-rugs of variegated pattern beloved by the old soldier on shore. The voice of the bo'sun's mate is stilled between decks, and the buglers have laid aside their instruments, all but he of the watch, who with one hand always on his bugle, stands idly on his post, letting his thoughts wander to the home he left behind him when he enlisted under the Globe and Laurels, and the day when he promised to 'serve Her Majesty, Her Heirs, and Successors as a Marine for a period of sixteen years.' (Buglers enlist at fourteen years of age.) The engines alone will not rest, but steadily, monotonously, throb out their beat by beat as the ship glides on through the calm waters, adding mile to mile of her way.

And so the afternoon passes on. Men give a stretch, a shake, life once more appears between decks, supper is piped, and another week's work begins. The Thursday afternoon, or Make-and-Mend-Clothes-Day, as it is called, is a time whose sanctity is never violated, and whose repose is complete.

Each afternoon at sea the ship is hove-to and hands are piped to bathe; a boat is lowered, and the water is soon a seething mass of heads. In board again, a game of cricket or rounders on the quarterdeck winds up our afternoon. In this the gunroom essentially takes the lead. A net is rigged above the ship's side to prevent too great an expenditure of balls. Two buckets of sand are placed to receive the wickets, and a supply of bats and balls—the latter made during

the afternoon watch of twisted spun yarn—is provided. We pick up sides; and for an hour or two a wildly invigorating and enthusiastic game is kept up, additional zest being afforded by the many obstacles all over our cricket-ground, such as guns, hatchways, and windsails, which cause the same delightful uncertainty as to the final direction of a ball as is given by the pepper pot in a fives court. Besides the ordinary rules for the fall of a wicket, one additional is of universal acceptance—the batsman who shall hit a ball overboard is at once declared out—and, I may add, takes with him no small invective from the other players.

In the evening we have a dinner-party. The wardroom officers have requested the pleasure of the captain's company, and several officers from the gunroom have been invited to meet him. The guests are received with the ordinary salutations of shore-life: 'How do you do, sir?' 'Glad to see you, old chap.' 'Have a sherry and bitters?'—as if we hadn't all parted but a quarter of an hour previously, after having spent the whole day and the whole of many, many days before this in the closest of company. We take our seats; the chaplain says grace; dinner is commenced; the band plays its cheeriest melodies; and after the Queen's health has been drunk and coffee passed round, guests and hosts adjourn to smoke, play whist, listen to the band, or discuss the never-ending points of interest which naval officers manage to keep fresh even to the end of the close intercourse of a three years' commission.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A VERY important part of our naval defences is comprehended under the term 'Armour-plates,' without which our modern ships of war would be impossible. Hitherto, these plates have been made in this country of steel; but favourable reports from America of the new 'High-carbon Nickel Harveyised Armour' have recently induced our Admiralty authorities to test this new material. Messrs Vickers & Co. of Sheffield were commissioned to produce a nickel steel plate by the Harvey process; and the plate thus made was recently put to the test at Portsmouth. This plate, measuring six feet by eight feet, with a thickness of ten and a half inches, was fired at with different projectiles, five shots in all being aimed at different parts of its surface. The result justified the favourable reports which had previously been received concerning the new plates. The shots indented the metal, and either broke up or imbedded themselves in the armour; but not a single crack was produced. It is believed that some of our war-vessels, which by reason of the thinness of their armour are regarded as obsolete, may once more be regenerated by receiving a covering of the new material.

The inauguration of a telephone line between New York and Chicago, which has rendered conversation possible between two cities which are nearly one thousand miles apart, is an event worthy of being recorded. It is interesting to note that Professor Bell, to whom the modern science of telephony is chiefly due, was one of



the first to talk through this long line of communication. A photograph of the Professor in the act of talking to the receiver, surrounded by many well-known men of science, was taken by flash-light, and has been reproduced as an illustration in one of the New York journals devoted to things electrical.

The snow-sweeper is a very useful and necessary adjunct to the electric railways which are now becoming so common in the cities of the United States. The sweeper consists of a car to which are attached at either end revolving steel brushes, which are geared to the motor which drives the vehicle. The cylindrical brushes revolve at a rapid rate, and scatter the snow to the side of the line, leaving a clear track for the trains which follow. There is decidedly a want of something of the kind on our railways in this country, and it is easy to imagine that a device of the same kind to work by steam could be constructed without much difficulty.

Dr Peterson and Mr A. E. Kennelly have been carrying out some experiments at the Edison Laboratory, says the *Scientific American*, with a view to determine whether any therapeutic effects result from the application of magnetism to the animal system. Removing the armature from a powerful dynamo (its magnets being excited, we presume, by another machine), a dog was confined in the vacant space for a period of five hours. When the animal was set at liberty, he seemed to be not in the least affected, except that he exhibited much joy at being again at liberty. The next prisoner was a boy, who was also quite unaffected by the powerful magnetic field in which he was placed. From these experiments, it is assumed that the human organism is quite unaffected by the most powerful magnets known to science. Were it otherwise, we should probably have heard long ago of the effects produced upon the many hundred persons who are daily engaged in tending dynamo-machines.

Another great railway across Canada is in contemplation. The new road, which would be called the Canada Western Railway, would have a length of more than one thousand miles, and would open up thousands of miles of valuable grazing, timber, and mining lands. The cost is estimated at five million six hundred thousand pounds, and the promoters believe that the sale of lands adjoining the railway, together with the cash subsidy of the Dominion Government of six hundred and forty pounds per mile, would produce not far from double that amount. Possibly they lose sight of the circumstance, of which we have had so many painful instances of late years, that estimates for big engineering feats are untrustworthy.

One of the latest developments of the 'coin in the slot' device is an automatic railway-ticket selling-machine. It has for some little time been in use on the Berlin City and District Railway, and is said to give satisfaction to the public as well as the railway company.

British dairy-farmers will probably not be too well pleased to learn that the first instalment of this season's Australian butter has arrived in this country in fine condition, and that consumers are promised for the next four or five months a consignment of about one hundred tons per week from the antipodes. Experience shows that it is

not necessary to freeze the butter during transit, but that it will keep in perfect condition in a cool chamber.

A process of a very promising description has been patented by Mr Frank Shumann of Philadelphia by which he produces a material called wire-glass. The new material consists of a sheet of glass, in which in course of manufacture is enclosed a layer of wire-gauze. The metallic gauze is literally imbedded and hermetically sealed within the glass, and will stand any amount of rough usage without breaking. The new material can be made of various thicknesses, and in sheets of large size; and there is little doubt that it will prove a valuable substance for skylights, roofs of railway stations, horticultural buildings, and will find employment in a variety of ways. Windows made of the material will be burglar-proof, and will be resistant enough to stop the progress of a pistol bullet. The American Wire-glass Company of Tacony, Philadelphia, which has been formed to develop the new invention, hope, by the beginning of next year, to be turning out five thousand square feet of wire-glass per day.

An interesting paper is contributed to *Science* by Dr Gibbs, who has been making an inquiry into the food of the humming-birds of Michigan. These birds are not insectivorous, as has been supposed; and although the author thinks that they may eat insects if flowers be scarce, there is no room for question that their normal nourishment is derived from honey.

The hydrophone is an ingenious telephonic instrument which will give audible and visible signs of the approach during the night, or in foggy weather, of a torpedo boat or other hostile vessel, and has been designed for the protection of roadsteads and harbours. It consists of two parts, one of which is sunk at any chosen spot in the water, at a depth of from five to fifteen fathoms; the other part being on shore, and joined to its fellow by electrical cable. A vibratory apparatus is contained in the submerged part of the instrument, and this is of such a sensitive nature that it will move in sympathy with the pulsations of the propellers of any vessel within the radius of a mile. This device has recently formed the subject of experiments by our War Department at Portsmouth, and has been found to give satisfactory results. The inventor of the instrument is Captain McEvoy, who hopes to employ it to warn vessels of their proximity to dangerous coasts, as well as for warlike purposes.

It is well known that a floral clock can be made by selecting certain flowers which close their petals with some approach to regularity at certain hours of the day. But a floral clock of another kind has recently been started at Paris. A circular plot of ground thirty feet in diameter forms the dial of this strange timepiece, and flowers are so arranged upon it in plots as to make the figures and minute marks stand out upon it as clearly as upon an ordinary clock face. The two hands which move over this highly ornamental dial are also covered with growing flowers from end to end, and motive-power is provided for them by means of a small turbine concealed beneath the ground.

In a paper recently read before the American

Society of Civil Engineers, Mr A. F. Sears compared the cost and efficiency of different motive-powers for street tramways. According to this gentleman, who has made a study of the subject dealt with, haulage by horses is the most expensive. Next in order comes electricity, where, in spite of all precautions, a large quantity of the steam generating power must run to waste. Cable roads come next in order of cheapness; but these are not recommended except for steep gradients, where often no other form of haulage is available. Lastly, as the cheapest, comes steam; but here there is the disadvantage that the engine is necessarily heavy, and has to bear the additional weight of fuel and water. Two other systems Mr Sears believes are promising—namely, engines moved by compressed air, and those actuated by steam 'from water charged at high temperature at convenient stations *en route*.' We are not aware that this last method has been brought to practical test; but with regard to compressed air, the system was tried for some months on one of the London tramways, but the cars have now been withdrawn, and the line is worked by horses. This looks as if the compressed-air method is less satisfactory in practice than it appears to be in theory.

Some months ago, when the last giraffe at the Zoological Gardens (London) died, it was reported that the animal could not be replaced until the Mahdists once more opened the Sudan. But it would seem from letters which a correspondent has communicated to the *Times* that the habitat of the giraffe is not so circumscribed as was imagined. The letters were written by Mr W. Ellerton Fry, at present enjoying a trip to the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi River, and he tells of having seen and met with the tracks of many giraffes. We may therefore hope that the giraffe houses at the Zoological Gardens are not destined to remain untenanted for long. A good specimen of the animal is worth about five hundred pounds, and this price is sure to attract the attention of hunters of big game to the district indicated in Mr Fry's letters.

The history of Arctic exploration is a record of heroism, self-sacrifice, coupled with dismal failure, and it is to be hoped that the new enterprise of Dr Nansen, of which he gave the details to the Royal Geographical Society a few weeks ago, has a better chance of success than previous attempts to reach the ice-girdled Pole. His scheme is a comparatively simple one. Starting next spring in a vessel specially constructed to withstand the pressure of the ice, he will endeavour to be carried across the Polar region by the current which he asserts is constantly running from the north of Siberia to Franz Josef Land. Drifting with the ice, instead of attempting to force a passage through it, he hopes to be carried in the needed direction. The only difficulty which he seems to anticipate will be to get within the influence of the current referred to. Dr Nansen's wonderful journey across Greenland has already proved his fitness for the undertaking, and all will wish him God-speed in an expedition of such hardship and danger.

A remarkable steam-launch, probably the fastest vessel of its class which has ever been

built, was recently destroyed by fire at Philadelphia. The measurements of this vessel were as follows—length fifty feet, beam six and a half feet, displacement four tons, and draught fifteen inches. Its engine was of one hundred and sixty horse-power, and its two-bladed screw worked at five hundred and fifty revolutions per minute. The speed attained by the launch was nearly thirty miles an hour, and its builders hope to replace it by another vessel of superior attainments in this respect.

The Director of the Meteorological service in Canada has in a recent Report urged upon the authorities the necessity for periodical inspection of the different stations under his control, and the instruction of employees in the use of the various instruments required. He points out that in Great Britain and Ireland the stations in communication with London are constantly inspected, and in that way kept in a state of efficiency—and that it has been proved here and elsewhere that only under such conditions can trustworthy and satisfactory results be attained. He urges upon his Government the advisability of devoting funds to this purpose.

At a recent meeting of the Field Naturalists' Club of Victoria, it was shown that rain-making experiments are not unknown among savage peoples; that is to say if a superstitious practice can be dignified by the name of experiment. Among certain tribes of Central Australia a belief prevails that droughts are caused by the swallowing up of all available moisture by a 'rain-devil,' and that the occurrence of rain can only be thereafter possible by the capture of the demon, who must be made to disgorge. In order that this evil spirit may be tracked without detection, the rain-maker is equipped with feather boots, so that his footfalls may be noiseless. A pair of these boots was exhibited at the meeting referred to.

Now that the electric light for domestic purposes has come within the boundary-line of things practical, every one is anxious to know its cost as compared with the forms of illumination it is superseding. Some information upon this important point is afforded by a Presidential address delivered last month before the Junior Engineering Society by Dr John Hopkinson. He estimates the initial cost of supplying a number of customers from a central station at eleven pounds per annum for every kilowatt—that is, for every unit per hour. After this installation the cost will not be very much more than one halfpenny per unit. This estimate is either wrong, or the companies who are charging their customers sevenpence per unit are seeking an inordinate profit. In one case in London the parish authorities have themselves undertaken to supply the district under their control with electricity, and the enterprise is said to be a successful one. In this case the price charged to consumers is threepence per unit.

An instrument called a Schischophone has recently been presented to the Paris Academy of Sciences by M. de Place. Its purpose is to afford indications of the existence of any unseen or internal flaws in a mass of iron or steel, and would be invaluable in testing the soundness of girders or crank axles. It has a strong analogy to the induction balance invented some

years ago by Professor Hughes of microphone fame.

In many of our manufacturing districts the streams are polluted to such an extent that they have all the appearance of being rivers of ink. It has been lately pointed out by a contemporary that in Algeria, Spain, and India, there are rivers which are not only inky in appearance, but have the same chemical composition and valuable qualities of true ink. They are produced when a stream strongly impregnated with iron combines with one flowing through a peaty district, the gallic acid in the latter forming with the iron a true ink which can be used for writing purposes.

By international agreement, the use of explosive bullets in warfare is forbidden, and the prohibition is creditable to civilisation. But the new Lebel rifle bullet—which is now the adopted weapon of the French army, and has been used lately in Dahomey—is said to inflict wounds quite as terrible as any possible by the use of explosive projectiles. The rending action on the human body is said to be truly horrible, and the penetrating power is so great that a tree of even large dimensions forms no protection for a man concealed behind its trunk. It is evident, if this be true, that one such bullet might kill three or four men if they happened to be within the line of fire.

Some years ago there was a detailed Report in one of the American papers of a man having been killed by a meteorite. The man's name was given, the exact spot where the fatality occurred was described, and the meteorite was said to have struck its victim 'just under or on the right shoulder, passing obliquely through him to just above the left hip.' The stone was described as being of about the size of a wooden water-bucket, and its composition was stated. The *Scientific American* now states that the occurrence never took place, and that the story was invented by a reporter. There is certainly nothing impossible in such an event as that described, and it is somewhat curious that a death from a meteoric stone has never been recorded.

## ON LIGHTNING FIGURES.

By CHARLES TOMLINSON, F.R.S., F.C.S.

IN *Chambers's Journal* for the 16th of July last, some effects of lightning are described, from a work published in 1857 by M. Andres Poeey, Director of the Observatory at Havana, entitled *On the Photographic Effects of Lightning*. The author supposed that when a person or an animal is struck by lightning, and certain marks are produced on the body, it is by the electricity photographing the image of some neighbouring object on the living surface. In addition to the cases mentioned in your article, the following may be cited. At the village of Combe Hay, near Bath, six sheep were reposing in a meadow surrounded by woods, when they were struck by lightning and killed. 'When the skins were taken from the animals, a fac-simile of a portion of the surrounding scenery was visible on the inner surface of each skin.'

Such statements as these, which were of frequent occurrence, did not fail to attract the atten-

tion of the early electricians. In 1786 MM. Bossut and Leroy made a report to the French Academy of Sciences on the subject of some singular marks found on the body of a man who had been killed by a stroke of lightning. These marks were accounted for on the supposition that the electricity in its passage through the body had forced the blood into the vessels of the skin, and thus made all the ramifications of those vessels visible at the surface. The reporters, in fact, adopted the theory of M. Besile, who had examined the case medically—namely, that the effect was due to the irruption of blood in the vessels of the skin, producing an effect like that of an injection. M. Arago adopted a similar explanation in a case which occurred in France in July 1841, when two persons standing near a poplar tree were struck by lightning, and on the breast of each were found ramified marks said to be like the leaves of the poplar.

Cases of this kind continued to be repeated in the newspapers down to the year 1862. One was given in the *Times* of September 8, as having occurred at Whalley Range, near Manchester. A boy had taken refuge under a tree, when it was struck by lightning, and there was found on the boy's body 'a perfect image of the tree, the fibres, leaves, and branches being reproduced with photographic accuracy.' The Meteorological Society and the medical papers also published such cases. One such was given in the *Lancet* in 1860, in which ramified figures were traced from the trunk down both limbs of the patient, so regular as to lead to a conclusion 'that the phenomenon must have been regulated by some fixed law.' Cases also occurred in which these ramified figures were impressed on a man's body, under circumstances in which no tree was present, as in the *Lancet* case. Hence it seemed to me probable that these marks were due to the fiery hand of the lightning itself; and it appeared likely that if I could reproduce on any given surface the form assumed by the disruptive discharge of a Leyden jar, I should have a miniature representation of the passage of a flash of lightning. With this end in view, I procured squares of common crown window glass, about four inches to the side, and steeped them in a strong solution of soap and water; and before making an experiment, a plate was taken out and wiped dry with a duster, thus leaving an exceedingly thin film of soap on the surface of the glass. A Leyden jar of about a pint capacity was charged, and the plate being held by one corner, was brought up to the knob of the jar, while one knob of the discharging rod was placed on the outer coating of the jar, and the other knob was brought opposite the knob of the jar in contact with the glass. The discharge passed over the surface of the plate and over its edge to the upper knob of the discharging rod. On breathing on the surface of the plate, a tree-like figure, consisting of trunk, branches, and spray, was beautifully made out, because, wherever the electricity touched the plate, the soapy film was burnt off, and the plate rendered chemically clean; so that the breath condensed in watery lines on those parts, and in minute globules of dew on the parts where the film still remained. On the other side of the plate there was also a figure, but it was marred

by contact with the knob of the discharging rod.

At the meeting of the British Association at Manchester in 1861, I read a paper before the Physical Section on this subject, and exhibited a number of my figures. The Astronomer-royal, Airy, was in the chair, and he said that 'any one of these figures would pass for a tree all the world over.' After the meeting he continued to examine the figures, and patting me on the back, said: 'You have settled this matter!' My colleague, Professor Miller, of King's College, on breathing on one of the plates, exclaimed: 'There's the tree capitally made out, bird's nest, and all'—referring to a little circular blot on one of the branches, which might easily be taken for a bird's nest, as in one of M. Poey's cases.

The lightning that strikes is incorrectly termed a thunderbolt; it is usually a nearly vertical, jagged, trembling line of vivid light, known as 'ribbon' or 'chain lightning.' We often have an inaccurate idea of the form of a flash of lightning from the stereotyped zigzags with which artists represent this terrible element. Jupiter's thunderbolts have as conventional a form as the French carpenter's scarf-joint, which he names 'traits de Jupiter;' but Nature does her work with more fatal precision than these zigzags would imply. The Meteorological Society of London has some hundreds of photographs of lightning discharges, impressed by the lightning itself on

the sensitive plates, and they are all of the same character as the figures produced by the discharge of a Leyden jar.

There is a very curious point connected with the main discharge—namely, a number of branches or feelers are sent out, in order to find the line of least resistance, or the easiest path for the principal discharge. Thus, we read of seamen and travellers, previous to the lightning-stroke, having the sensation of cobwebs being drawn over their faces, and hearing hissing, crackling, roaring noises, and seeing branches of electric fire. This is precisely what takes place in the case of the miniature flash of lightning produced by the Leyden jar. Should the glass plate be too thick, or its surface too good an insulator, or if the jar be not fully charged, or the electricity deficient in tension, the main discharge will not pass; but there will be a brush discharge, producing these beautiful ramifications or feelers which chalk out, as it were, the principal line of discharge. In some cases these ramifications produce a division of the discharge into two or three main lines, corresponding with the bifurcations and trifurcations which are well known in the thunder-storm, so that the same lightning stroke may strike two or even three objects at once. In such cases, each principal line is accompanied with its own ramifications, which become more delicate as they spread and more difficult to define and delineate.

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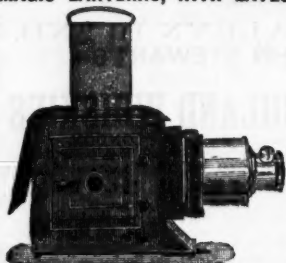
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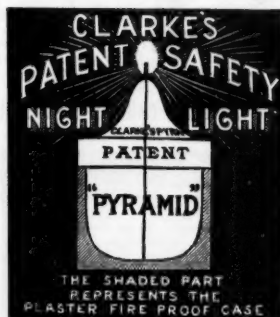
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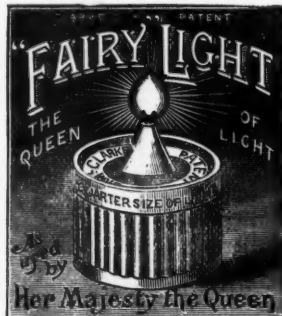


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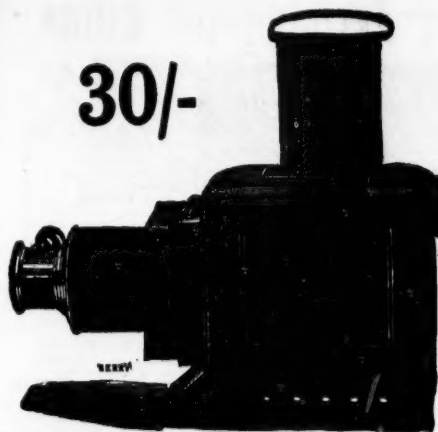
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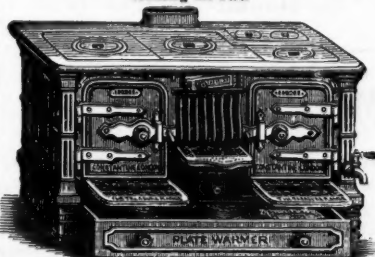


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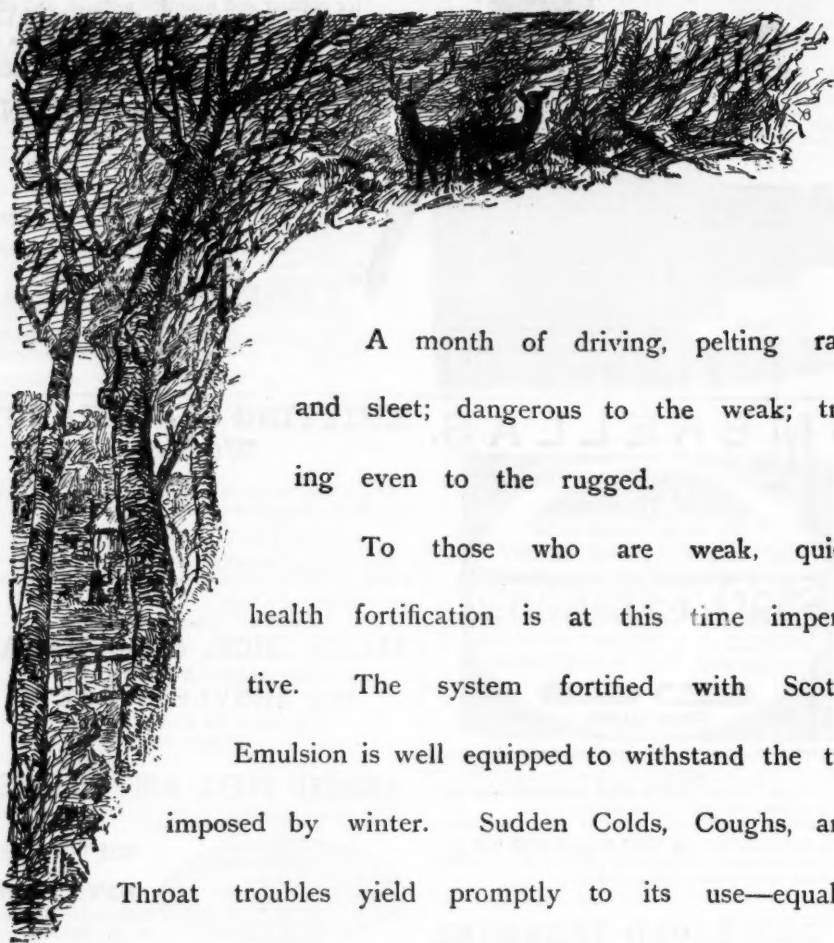
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F 9

# SUPPER AND THEN SLEEP.

WHEN, after a hard day's work, a man comes home and says, "Wife, I am very tired," she isn't a bit surprised. He has a right to be tired. He has earned his supper and his sleep.

But after he has had a good, plentiful feed, what if he should say, "How sorry I am I ate my supper!" Then, on getting up in the morning, suppose he began to growl in this style: "What a fool I was to go to bed; in the morning I feel more tired than I do at night."

On hearing this sort of talk his wife would think he was getting out of his head, or that some complaint had seized on him. And she would be quite right.

Yet plenty of people take this apparently absurd attitude; men and women both. They get at odds with things; blessing turns to bane, light to darkness, and nature's bounties become curses, like singing birds transformed to bats.

"I was always tired and languid," writes a woman, "and ached from head to foot."

This is an instance of what we say. It is unfortunate, and sometimes even wrong. To be *always* tired and languid is out of nature. Flowers themselves seldom wilt and droop until autumn comes.

Some other things she says which may help to explain. "All my life," her letter runs, "I have been weak and ailing. When I was sixteen, it was thought I had consumption. My appetite was very poor, and after eating I had great pain and tightness across the chest, and would swell so much I was obliged to loose my clothing."

This at sixteen! An age when youth should inhabit a heaven of its own, full of strength, quick impulses, activity, bright fancies, without a pain or an ache. But come, we forget the children's legacies. Often when parents can leave no money they transmit disease. More shame to them.

Well, we must get on. The letter continues: "Frequently I had so much pain I could scarcely draw breath for an hour. I often threw myself on the couch wondering if I could live much longer in this way. I grew to be afraid to eat, *as all food alike disagreed with me.*"

What a dreadful thing! It is the same as being choked by pure air. Such a con-

dition is nothing less than diabolical. It suggests the idea of being murdered by one's own best friend.

"I was also much troubled," says the lady, "with sickness, as though something should come up, and sometimes threw up phlegm streaked with blood. I suffered from constant pain and pressure at the heart, which I believed to be heart disease. It was rare that I had a good night's rest, and often awoke with a sense of smothering. I was so bad that sometimes my husband had to knock my back to get my breath into me.

"After a time a short dry cough fixed upon me, and gradually I got so weak that everybody thought I was in a decline and wasting away. I was just able to drag myself about, and often had to stop and rest. My life was a misery, and it was a trouble to live, yet thus it went on year after year. For sixteen or seventeen years, time and time, I was under the doctors, but was no better for all their medicines.

"In September 1885 my husband begged me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and to please him I did so. After I had used one bottle I felt so much better I was glad to buy another myself. Soon my food digested, and all pain left me. My appetite returned, I gained strength, and I have never been so well in my life as I have been for the past seven years. I tell every one what the Syrup has done for me, and willingly consent to the publication of this letter. Yours truly (Mrs) Elizabeth Hope—wife of Mr Andrew Hope, builder—Moss Lane, Styal, Handforth, Cheshire, June 24th, 1892."

In this climate lung complaints are lamentably common, but not nearly so common as people think. In the opinion of her friends (and doctors too, perhaps) Mrs Hope had organic lung disease, and must die. Yet her quick restoration to health, by the use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, proves her complaint to have been indigestion and dyspepsia—an ailment practically universal, and in the end more fatal than consumption, which is one of its results when long continued. What is the lesson? Very simple. Cure the cause. Thus you may eat well, sleep soundly, work to advantage, and happily live out all your allotted days.

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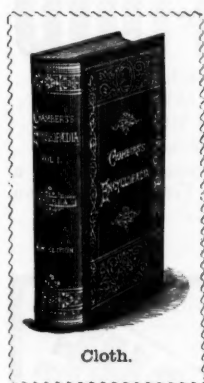
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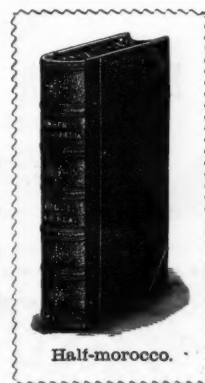
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